

The State Journal

Official Paper of the City of Topeka.

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week to any part of Topeka or suburbs, or at the same price in any Kansas town where this paper has a carrier system.
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By mail, one year \$10.00
Weekly Edition, per year \$5.00

GREATEST IN KANSAS.

AVERAGE DAILY CIRCULATION:
8,806

For the three full summer months of 1894—an increase of over fifty per cent in one year.

OUR PROOF:

The issue of the Topeka Daily State Journal for the three months, viz., from the 1st day of June, 1894, to the 31st day of August, 1894, inclusive, have been as follows:

DAY	June	July	August
1	8,411	8,411	8,411
2	8,411	8,411	8,411
3	8,411	8,411	8,411
4	8,411	8,411	8,411
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26	8,411	8,411	8,411
27	8,411	8,411	8,411
28	8,411	8,411	8,411
29	8,411	8,411	8,411
30	8,411	8,411	8,411
31	8,411	8,411	8,411
TOTAL	265,331	265,331	265,331

*Sunday, no issue.
The total number of copies printed in the three months named above, 695,079, divided by 79, the number of issues, shows an average of 8,806. This is a correct report of the issue of the Topeka Daily State Journal for the three months as stated.

(Signed) *Frank P. MacLennan*
Editor and Proprietor.

Sworn to and subscribed Sept. 11, 1894.
S. M. LAMAR, Notary Public,
Shawnee County, Kansas.

THE STATE JOURNAL is the only paper in Kansas receiving the Full Day Associated Press.

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The STATE JOURNAL has the handsomest and most complete web stereotype perfecting press.

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Weather Indications.
CHICAGO, Dec. 26.—Forecast for Kansas: Fair tonight and cooler in east half tonight. Thursday, fair; continued cold; northwest winds.

ATTENTION is called to the fact that Edward Atkinson failed to inform an anxious public how to go through Christmas on 15 cents.

GENERAL CUKET will stand the conference of Populists at St. Louis this week. Presumably he will be unattended by his army or his circus. He will in a quiet way try to get a good start for his presidential boom.

A RECENTLY elected member of the Illinois general assembly has written an open letter to his constituents, one and all, requesting that they make known to him what they wish him to do. The incident is refreshing after so many years in which the wants of the people have been ignored by those who should be their servants and are not.

SOMEONE has suggested that each individual be allowed to issue his own notes instead of being forced to use those issued by the banks as proposed by Cardwell. The idea is not devoid of justice. The system was in operation for a while during the war, and a number of Topeka citizens issued promises to pay which circulated freely as money in the city and surrounding country. These obligations were usually printed on paper, but in some instances leather was used.

It seems that horses must soon be even cheaper than they are now. If as some say, the bicycle and the electric car are ruining the horse market, what must necessarily be the result of the electric wagon invented and already tried at Kansas City, Mo. The machine works perfectly. A speed of eleven miles an hour was obtained at the first public trial. A storage battery composed of five series of cells each furnishes a current of 67½ ohms, and the cells are arranged in three tiers beneath the seats. The wheels are of wood with rubber tires. The hind wheels, which are 3 feet 2 inches in diameter, have on their inner edge a cast-iron flange 26 inches in diameter and 5 inches wide. Power from the battery is communicated to the flange by a rawhide friction pulley revolving from 600 to 1,000 times a minute and capable of being elevated or depressed at will by the driver. The steering is done by a toothed segment and pinion attached to the axle of the fore wheels and handled by a steering-post. The storage batteries will run the machine about seven or eight hours. The carriage weighs about 2,000 pounds.

Ed Hoch, in the last issue of the Marion Record, says: Since the election the editor of this paper has been be-

lieged by a great army of office-seekers for his "influence." Now, we do not know whether we have any of the article in question, and if any, how much, but we do know that even the suspicion of having something of the kind subjects one to a vast amount of annoyance. It is a pleasure, though an expensive one, to devote about half of your time to correspondence in the interest of your friends, but when a whole lot of fellows you don't know and never saw beseech you for "endorsements" you cannot conscientiously give, and yet dislike to deny, it becomes an awful nuisance. "Influence" is about the most unprofitable piece of property a fellow can have.

OMAHA World-Herald: Henry Clegg, the well known Wall street authority, has given his views of the financial situation in a letter published in another column. In an interview the same distinguished financier says:

Some uneasiness is caused by the steady withdrawals of gold from the treasury materially in excess of what is required for current exports of the metal. The drain appears to come from the banks, and to be for their own account, and is probably caused by a desire to re-coup themselves for the large amounts they parted with in their subscriptions for the late loan. No more serious motive is supposed to be at the bottom of the movement, and it is expected to prove only transient.

It is gratifying to the public to know that the bankers have "no more serious motive" in withdrawing gold than the recovery of the gold which they were kind enough to lend the government for the bonds. Perhaps the bankers are gathering gold from the treasury now so as to be prepared to loan some more if they can force another issue of bonds. How do you like the eastern idea of finance?

FORTY PIECES OF CAKE.

How Mrs. Ashbaugh Celebrated Her Eightieth Birthday.

Among the gifts to the poor sent to Mrs. Thorpe's office, was a beautiful frosted cake, baked by Mrs. Ashbaugh to celebrate her 80th birthday, which occurred on Christmas. Mrs. Thorpe meant to divide it among 80 people, but could not conveniently reach but 40. It was delicious.

Dr. Hamilton donated about 100 pounds of meat, cut in 3 and 4 pound pieces. Mr. C. A. Bruner gave also a market basket full of meat; Mr. Seward an overcoat and \$1; Mrs. S. T. Howe \$1 and a large bundle of clothing; Mrs. A. B. Whitely clothing, etc.

The National hotel a generous supply of eatables; the Topeka Cash Dry Goods company toys; Donald Bruner and Hugh Caultia a lot of books, toys, etc. Many brought donations who would not give their names.

MODERN WOODMEN.

The Biennial State Meeting Commences This Evening.

The Modern Woodmen of America in Kansas are headed towards Topeka. There will be 350 delegates here to meet in the biennial convocation for the district of Kansas, which begins with a preliminary meeting tonight in the hall of Sunflower camp at 704 and 706 Kansas avenue.

The secret work will be exemplified tonight by the members of Sunflower camp, which is the largest in the state. There are 10,000 members in Kansas and 120,000 in the entire jurisdiction, which comprises only nine states. The order has had a wonderful growth during the past year, 34,000 new members having been initiated.

L. S. Johnson of Peachbody, who is one of the live on the board of directors, is here and will participate in the meeting. He is receiving his friends at the National.

The principal work of the meeting will be to elect delegates to the general meeting which takes place at Madison, Wisconsin, next June. Kansas will have one delegate-at-large and 18 district delegates in the main camp.

TO LOWER NIAGARA FALLS.

The New Water Power Reduces the Water Nine Inches.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 26.—The state reservation commissioners at Niagara have called attention to the fact that the new water power above the falls may injure the falls as a natural phenomenon. Frank W. Hawley, vice president of the General Electric company, says: "Such action on the part of the state commissioners is entirely uncalled for. The average depth of water at the brink of the precipice is said to be six and a quarter feet. The amount withdrawn by the chartered companies on both the American and Canadian sides when in full operation will not exceed eight or nine inches. This would leave a column of water at least five and a half feet high pouring steadily over the falls."

IS HETTY GREEN INSANE.

The Millionaire Says a Band of Conspirators Are on Her Track.

New York, Dec. 26.—Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in America, whose fortune is thirty or forty millions, tells her lawyers a curious story. A belief, firmly fixed, that a band of conspirators took the life of her father, Edward M. Robinson, and of her aunt, Sylvia Ann Howard, of New Bedford, years ago, and are now daily seeking her life and the lives of her children, continually haunts her.

Glass, she declares, has been placed in her food not six months ago; blocks of wood and stones have been hurled at her from windows as she was passing on the sidewalk, and on numerous occasions her life has been threatened. Whether or not Mrs. Green is the victim of a strange hallucination remains yet to be learned.

Yellow, Dried Up and Wrinkled.

Is this the way your face looks? If so, try Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker. It not only purifies the blood, but renews it, and gives your face a bright youthful appearance. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy.

Word comes from all quarters that the newest and most satisfactory dye for coloring the beard a brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Olaf Ekberg.

Merchant Tailor, 716 Kansas avenue.

AT NIGHT IN A COACH

A SHORT RANGE STUDY OF A CARLOAD OF RAILROAD PASSENGERS.

The Stout Man Who Would Play Cards. The Talkative Boy Who Cried When Wakened by the Lanky Youth With the Nightmare—Politics En Route.

I know of no better opportunity of studying humanity at short range than to take a nocturnal railway ride in a day coach. Not long ago I had occasion to go from a station in the central west to Chicago. The running time of trains on the railroad I was to travel over from my starting point to the metropolis of the lake region is about eight hours, and I found it impossible to get away before midnight. When I boarded the train at that hour, I learned that all the lower berths in the sleeping cars



DRESSED IN A TAILOR MADE SUIT.

were already taken, and as I dislike exceedingly to climb to my rest I decided to make the journey in one of the coaches.

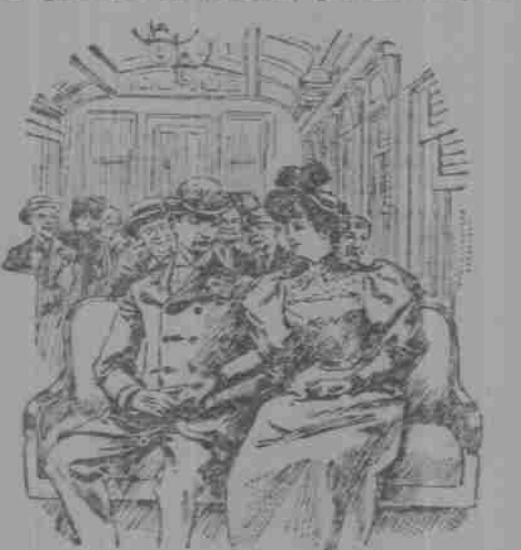
My fellow passengers were a diversified lot. Among them were four men who were beguiling the miles with cards. Whist was the game, and the players were seated together facing one another, while two or three others were intently watching the play. There was not much talking, and what there was was carried on in undertones, but it was altogether too much for a woman of middle age, dressed in a tailor made suit and wearing a standing collar and four-in-hand tie, who was seated near by. She suddenly arose and stalked up the aisle to the players.

"Gentlemen," she said, "I do not desire to be intrusive, but I do wish to go to sleep, and I'm certain I can't get a single wink of sleep while you continue to play whist. I think card playing in such a place is all wrong anyway, but I can put up with it without a word if it doesn't interfere with my personal comfort. But if you keep on as it will interfere, and I must respectfully ask you to stop."

Three of the players dropped their hands in amazement, but the fourth, a stout man of an evidently phlegmatic temperament, held his the more firmly in his grasp, and without looking up said:

"Say nothing, boys, but saw wood. Pick up your cards and keep right on." If he thought to silence the woman in the tailor made suit that way, he was vastly mistaken, as he found out a moment later. His indifference as to whether she should sleep or not seemed to drive her frantic, and she poured out a perfect flood of indignant eloquence against the practice of train card playing in general and the current game in particular. Finally she passed for breath, and with flashing eyes asked if her protest was going to be heeded, winding up with the fervent declaration that, in her opinion, the stout man was "no gentleman."

"Madam," he said, leaning back and gazing at her as an entomologist would survey a new and interesting bug, "you are the most extraordinary woman I ever met up with. But do not excite yourself over our little game. I might express regret that its continuance would prevent your slumbering, but inasmuch as I feel no such emotion I shall not say any such thing. I shall rather tell the truth, which is that my whole idea in playing cards and talking at this time is to keep you awake. I should have hesitated in saying so in the presence of so many persons if you



"WOULDN'T YOUR UNCLE JOHN BE SURPRISED?" had not brought the matter to a climax by your protests, but I divine, by the profile of your nose, that you are a confirmed and vicious snorer, and if you were once allowed to sleep every one else in the train must inevitably be obliged to remain awake. It was therefore in the spirit of self sacrifice that I persuaded my friends to agree to play cards all night. You see, our talking is so low that it will disturb no one but you. If it keeps you awake, it will prevent you from snoring, and the others in the car can sleep soundly. We are willing to sacrifice our personal comfort for theirs, and you ought to be as unselfish as we are. So I would advise you to calm yourself and cease from troubling us."

Nearly all the passengers were deep-

ly interested by this time, but they were evidently divided as to sentiment. Some of them agreed with the man and some with the woman, and discussions arose all over the car. As for the woman, she seemed to have had enough, for with an angry red spot on each cheek she returned to her seat and snuggled down, to slumber if she might. In this she was eminently successful, and at the same time she vindicated the stout man's judgment as to her nose, for in a half hour or so she began to snore like a low pressure steam engine. Of course there was a general laugh all over the car when the snores were heard.

Considerable interest had been manifested by their fellow travelers all this time in a young man and woman who sat near the center of the car. They looked very much like bride and groom, for she wore a hat trimmed with lavender feathers and carried a pair of white gloves in her hand, while he wore a rather bedraggled knot of flowers in the lapel of his frock coat and sported a white necktie. They had been talking constantly, in low tones at first, as if afraid they would be overheard, but as time passed they grew less and less shy, and at last seemed to forget themselves completely.

WON'T YOUR UNCLE JOHN BE SURPRISED to know we're married?" queried the groom loud enough for all the other wakened passengers to hear just as the train pulled up at a station.

The laugh that greeted this question mortified the loving couple immeasurably and awakened a small boy who had hitherto been unnoticed. He at once awakened his mother.

"What's they all laffin at, ma?" he questioned. "Ma, what is it that's so funny? Tell me."

Of course she couldn't tell him, not knowing, but she tried to hush him, first by cajolery and then by threatening to "tie him up."

"Ho!" said the youngster, "you hain't got no string here. I've got to talk, ma. Where be we now? How soon will we get to Chicago? Be we goin a mile a minute now, ma?"

The poor woman was almost as much mortified over her son's loquacity as the bride and groom had been over their "break," as it had been termed by the stout man, but the man, instead of adding to the mother's discomfort as he had to that of the newly wedded, set her at ease by giving up his game and devoting himself to the child. By some process known only to the stout man himself the boy was quickly quieted, and it seemed likely that a general silence, broken only by the snores of a



BEGAN TO APOLOGIZE PROFUSELY.

half dozen sleepers with noses like that of the woman in the tailor made suit, would soon settle over the car.

Just at this time, however—it was not far from 3 o'clock—two men near the front door got into a wrangle over politics. One of them was satisfied that the recent "landslide" was the beginning of interminable power on the part of the Republicans, who, he said, would quickly end the hard times and cause business of all sorts to permanently revive. The other was equally confident that the landslide was only an indication of universal insanity, and that it presaged business disasters such as had never before been experienced by the United States. The stout man tried to quiet them, but they were not as tractable as the boy, and they continued to quarrel until both had reached a speechless stage of indignation.

It was 4 o'clock by this time, and there was a general cessation of conversation, together with an increase of nasal music for the space of half an hour. Suddenly a long and lanky youth, who had been sleeping through it all, straightened up convulsively and gave vent to a blood curdling warwhoop. Instantly every eye in the car was unclouded. The small boy began to cry, and the woman in the tailor made suit called loudly for "Help!" and "Water!" Thrice the lanky youth, whose eyes were staring and who was plainly suffering from what the stout man denominated a nightmare, exerted his lungs to the utmost. Then he awoke with a start, and realizing the situation began to apologize profusely to all the other passengers.

"I knew I was a good many kinds of a fool," he said, "when I ate that confounded rabbit last night."

This restored good nature all round to every one save the woman in the tailor made suit, but she was quickly silenced by a few remarks from the stout man, who, with his friends, began a new game of whist. It was nearly 6 when the excitement had subsided, and but few of the passengers tried to go to sleep again. If they had, it would have been impossible, for the train began to stop at way stations and take on early passengers for Chicago. As a rainstorm had developed in the night, the weather then became a general topic of talk, and between its discussion and the clamorous differences of opinion between a Chicagoan and a New Yorker as to the relative size of the two biggest cities in the United States the two hours or thereabouts remaining before the train rolled into the terminal station were slowly away.

CHARLES APPLEBEE.

A NEW STATUE OF CALHOUN.

It Will Replace the Present Inartistic One That Stands in Charleston.

The women of South Carolina composing the Calhoun association are dissatisfied with the statue of John C. Calhoun now standing in Charleston, and a new one will soon be erected in its stead.

The present statue to the great southern statesman was unveiled with great pomp April 26, 1857, and Judge L. Q. C. Lamar was orator of the day. The history of the monument fund is an interesting one. Calhoun died in 1850, and the women raised \$75,000 for the purpose of erecting a monument. When the war began, Mrs. Snowden, who had charge of the money, and who is still living in Charleston, invested the fund in United States bonds for its greater safety, and at the approach of the Federal troops she fled from the city, with the bonds securely sewed in her clothing.

After the war Albert E. Hanrigh designed the statue in Rome, where it was also cast. Its cost was about \$44,000, but it seemed so maritistic to the majority of South Carolina people that some fertile brain conceived the idea of erecting another with the substantial sum still remaining to the credit of the Calhoun association. The new statue is being designed by J. Massy Rhind, sculptor of the proposed monument to John C. Fremont. It will be his aim to produce a statue that will accurately represent Calhoun as he appeared when in the height of his fame as a United States senator and when his debates with Daniel Webster thrilled the entire country. It is believed that the dedication will occur late in the fall of 1895.

South Carolina promises to fairly eclipse her previous effort when the new statue is presented to the public. The old statue will be demolished, but the pedestal will be utilized. From the pedestal will rise a column 64½ feet in height, at the top of which, some 90 feet above the street, will be placed the new statue. On either side of the pedestal will be two bronze palmetto trees.

A FAIR PITTSBURG ARCHITECT.

Miss Elise Mercier, Who Designed the Woman's Building for Atlanta's Exposition.

That the woman architect is abroad in the land was recently demonstrated when 13 women submitted plans of a high order of merit for the Woman's building at the Cotton States and International exposition, which is to be held in Atlanta. These plans were carefully examined by the board of women managers of the exposition, and the design submitted by Miss Elise Mercier of Pittsburgh proved the most acceptable. The choice was the unanimous verdict of the board, and that the competition was decided strictly upon its merits is shown by the fact that Miss Mercier was not personally known to a single resident of Atlanta, while three Atlanta women architects were represented by plans.

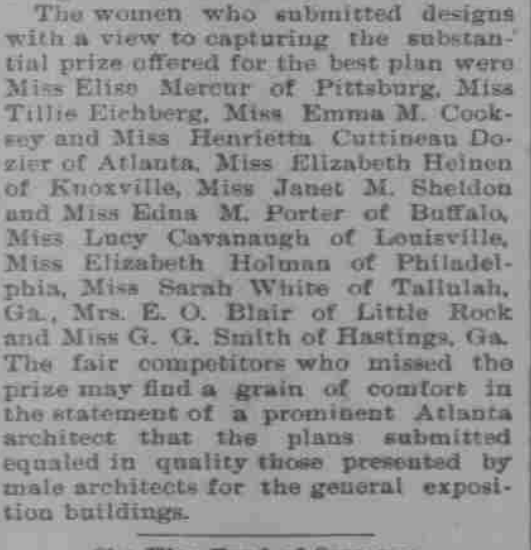
Miss Mercier's design was not only beautiful as to exterior, but the interior arrangements were practical and economical all of the available space with more success than any other plan submitted. From the cellar to the dome everything was arranged in a masterful manner, and each woman member of the board found every need supplied. There was space for every proposed exhibit by the women of the country. The architect who conferred with the committee in regard to their choice of plans said he had no idea that women could do such artistic and practical designing and drawing.

"These buildings," he said admiringly, "are bold enough to have been drawn by men." It is thus plainly demonstrated that the coming woman has got here, in architecture at least.

The women who submitted designs with a view to capturing the substantial prize offered for the best plan were Miss Elise Mercier of Pittsburgh, Miss Tillie Elieberg, Miss Emma M. Cooksey and Miss Henrietta Cuttineau Dozier of Atlanta, Miss Elizabeth Holmen of Knoxville, Miss Janet M. Sheldon and Miss Edna M. Porter of Buffalo, Miss Lucy Cavanaugh of Louisville, Miss Elizabeth Holman of Philadelphia, Miss Sarah White of Tallulah, Ga., Mrs. E. O. Blair of Little Rock and Miss G. G. Smith of Hastings, Ga. The fair competitors who missed the prize may find a grain of comfort in the statement of a prominent Atlanta architect that the plans submitted equaled in quality those presented by male architects for the general exposition buildings.

She Was Fond of Sermons.

A countless of Anjou in the twelfth century gave 250 sheep for a copy of a favorite set of sermons.



She Was Fond of Sermons.

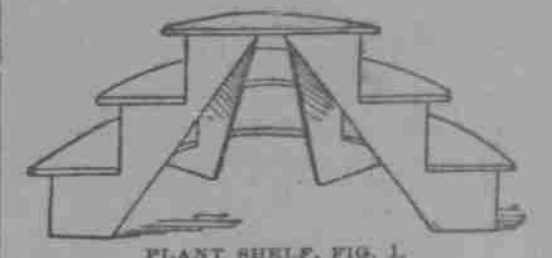
A countless of Anjou in the twelfth century gave 250 sheep for a copy of a favorite set of sermons.

STANDS FOR PLANTS.

Some Very Pretty Ones Can Be Made at Home.

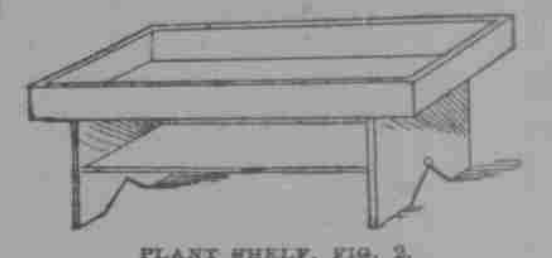
Four Models Which Have Been Found to Give Satisfaction—The Old Semul-Circular Pattern Is Perhaps the Best of All.

Many housewives find their greatest happiness in caring for plants during the cold winter months when compelled to stay indoors so much of the time, and many have wished for a



PLANT SHELF, FIG. 1.

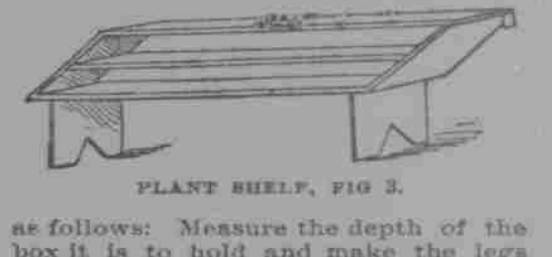
plant stand for years. Cannot the husband or son use two or three hours some stormy day in making one? There are a variety of models to choose from. An old pattern and probably the best, because it will hold the most, is the half circular one with three shelves (Fig. 1). It is made with three legs and two short braces between them under the lowest broadest shelf. The



PLANT SHELF, FIG. 2.

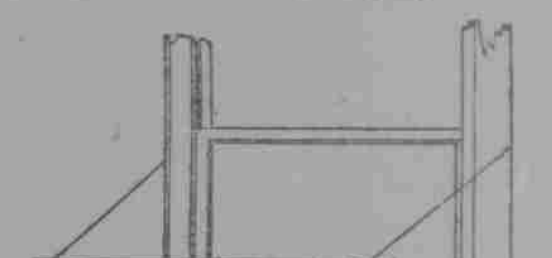
rear view is shown in the illustration, as its construction can be seen there at a glance, and this is the view exposed to the living room, also, the shelves being turned to the window. The shelves should be made broad enough to extend beyond the frame at least two inches.

A small, strong bench to hold a large window box (Fig. 2) is quickly made



PLANT SHELF, FIG. 3.

as follows: Measure the depth of the box it is to hold and make the legs long enough to raise it to a level with the window sill. They are composed of boards notched at the bottom. A top board is nailed or screwed in place, and a shelf firmly nailed to cleats half way between top and floor. This shelf is useful for a variety of purposes as



PLANT SHELF, FIG. 4.

well as a brace to strengthen the bench. Another pretty stand is a rack added to the top of a bench (Fig. 5). It is faced to the window and rests upon the sill. It will hold a large number of pots on its two shelves and on the bench.

An arrangement which seems to be the most perfect in every respect, because of its allowing the plants all the sunshine and being out of the way when the room is swept, is a plant rack made of hanging shelves (Fig. 4). The top shelf is eighteen inches to two feet from the glass, while the bottom shelf is on a level with the window sill. The weight of the rack and plants is supported entirely by the window frame to which it is screwed at the bottom and held by a strong wire at the top. It is easily taken down and put aside in the spring. A neat finish to all of these plant racks is dark green paint. Nothing is so pretty and appropriate for the green foliage and bright flowers.—Elizabeth B. Sage, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Napery for the Housewife.

In embroidering napery, if a housekeeper delights in color wrought on white, it is a good plan to border or finish the corners with broidery or scrolls or flowers of the same color as the china to be used with it. Thus, china decorated in red, or blue, or gold, goes well with linen wrought in the selfsame color, though it may be in two or more shades. Three corners of the cloth, napkins and doilies may be worked in some conventional design, and the fourth side filled with the owner's monogram. In this case the monogram should be nine inches deep or even more. This involves much work, and is only possible to amateurs of leisure. To many minds all white is only suitable for napery, except, perhaps, on occasion, a parti-colored counterpane. It must be confessed that this suits taste of a dainty order.

Best Way to Cook Cranberries.

One quart of cranberries, one pound of sugar, one pint of water. Wash the cranberries, then put them on the fire with the water, but in a covered saucepan. Let them simmer until each cranberry bursts open; then remove the cover of the saucepan, add the sugar, and let them all boil for twenty minutes without the cover. The cranberries must never be stirred from the time they are placed on the fire. This is an unfailing recipe for a most delicious preparation of cranberries.